POCKET PICKING IN ITS RESPECTABLE GUISES

By Arthur McEwan in New York Journal.

"TO this day," said Colonel Abe Edgarton, the Arizona mining man, addressing Professor Jenks, the Pennsylvania educator, across the cafe table, "to this day I can't get over the effect of early education. If you were to drop a half dollar on the floor now, without knowing it, an acquired prejudice would prevent me from putting my foot over it and picking it up when you weren't looking. And when I dine at your house, or any other gentleman's house, I am not under the smallest temptation to pouch the forks and spoons."

"Surely you haven't got so far away from civilized states of feeling as actually to pride yourself on not being a thief?" expostulated Professor Jenks.

"But am I not a thief?" inquired the colonel. "I won't pick a man's pocket with my fingers, but I'll work off on any man, friend or foe, as many shares of Hidden Treasure mining stock as I can induce him to take. And you know what they're really worth since we ran out of ore and into porphyry."

"Oh, but that's business said the professor.

"Precisely," agreed the colonel.

"To steal a pin it is a sin,
But form a trust and rope folks in,
Charging twice for every pin—
That is business, and no sin.

"And, speaking of Amalgamated Copper," Colonel Edgarton continued, "it's amazing what influence time and price have upon morals as well as manners. Ladies in Elizabeth's day talked in all innocence before men in a way that would get you ejected from a decent bar room now. And how long d'ye think a theatrical company would be sent up for that should attempt to give us a real taste of the comedy of the restoration? What would happen to any modern writer that should advise women to be clean, as Swift did, and what would a roomful of our fashionable people think of his 'Polite Conversation?' In some countries it is shameful for women to show their faces, but the embargo's off as to—er—ankles, whereas among ourselves the thing's mixed. Fancy a lady in evening dress in the street. It's all right to dress like a ballet dancer, minus the skirts, if there's sand around and salt water in sight, while the same girl would squeal if caught indoors rigged out in the same style. Algerian women"——

"To what does all this commonplace tend?" inquired Professor Jenks, yawning.

"It tends to take us back to the business men of the middle ages," answered Colonel Edgarton. "D'ye suppose the enterprising nobleman whom we choose to call a robber baron, simply because he was just that, felt any sense of moral turpitude when he went through his regular routine of stopping boats on the river and merchants on the road to extort toll? No more than I do when I unload Hidden Treasure, or when my friends eminent in the world of speculation run Amalgamated Copper up or down and squeeze the enemy. No, sir; the more robbing the robbing baron did the prouder he was, and the more he was thought of by his rivals and the respectable public. If there had been any newspapers in his time, and any one of them had objected to what he did on moral grounds, it would have been denounced as yellow, and not fit to be admitted to the home. In no age is it respectable to assail vested interests.

"When I was down in the Bahamas last winter," the colonel went on, sunnily ignoring the professor's wandering attention, "I dug into the history of the islands some, and reconstructed for myself the gallant old buccaneers who made Nassau their headquarters. I could picture the gangs ashore after a cruise going in for wassail and narrative—comparing pirate captain with pirate captain, and discussing their respective methods in taking galleons and dealing with captured crews and passengers. I could fancy the thrilling tale of how the great Lafitte in climbing the side of a merchantman in mid-ocean was met at the taffrail by four sailor men with raised pikes, all ready to spear him, and how he made a side leap for the shrouds, swung himself to the deck like a monkey, and engaging the four with his cutlas, kept them busy till his bullies could scramble aboard and finish them and all hands.

"Method, method—all the talk would be about the way the game was played by experts, with praise for the brave and deft and successful and scorn for the clumsy and timid and unlucky. And if anybody had risen to ask whether it wasn't wicked to play the game at all, his friends would have apologized for him as a foolish sentimentalist, a doctrinaire, an impracticable dreamer. And the outraged buccaneers in general would have sworn at him savagely as a destructive radical, an infernal enemy to every worthy pirate's bread and butter, and a foe to established institutions so dangerous in his anarchistic logic that it became the duty of all sensible and conservative men to shout him down and make him disreputable.

"And they'd have been honest in their anger—quite as sincerely indignant as the robber barons and the whole European aristocracy would have been with a critical yellow journal harboring a prejudice in favor of the ten commandments—quite as unaffected in their wrath as shocked respectability now would be, professor, should you venture in your university class room to question the right of the Standard Oil company or the beef trust to go cahoots with railroad companies to bar out competition and skin all the rest of us. The pirates would have been as sure that questioning custom-sanctioned crime is profoundly immoral as the Amalgamated copper crowd would be were you to get up in your university class room and——"

"It is no proper part of the higher education," cried Professor Jenks, testily, "to war upon——"

"The salaries of those who make a business of imparting the higher education," finished Colonel Edgarton. "It's all right, professor. As John L. Sullivan liberally said when asked if he had not resented the visit of a clergyman who had invaded his room at the hotel to expostulate with him on pugilism as a career: 'Oh, he's got his graft and I've mine.' You can pursue your cultured sycophancy to wealth, professor, without rebuke from me. You're just a man of your time, with the conscience of your time, as was the robber baron and the buccaneer."

"What," demanded the Pennsylvania educator, trying hard to put a curb on his rising temper. "What the deuce has started you off on this tangent tonight?"

"Well," said the colonel thoughtfully, "I went down into Wall street this morning and tackled one of the Amalgamated crowd on behalf of Hidden Treasure, and wanted him to read your report on the property as a mining expert. It was——" (here Colonel Edgarton whispered a name that it would be irreverent to print). "You know him, Jenks. As black-hearted an old pirate as ever sailed the speculative, or Spanish, main, and what d'ye suppose he had the nerve to say to me—me, mind you?

"'Edgarton,' he said, 'I'm surprised at your coming here with that empty old rathole. It's positively dishonest in you. Go and salt a new hole somewhere that everybody isn't on to, and then come to me, as one gentleman to another, and I'll see what can be done toward interesting the public. But Hidden Treasure! I wonder at you, Edgarton.'

"He flushed hotly, sir, and I did myself."

"And well you might, by heaven!" cried Professor Jenks, flushing likewise. "Considering my reputation as a mining expert, and the high grade of that report of mine——"

"And the mine itself," interjected the colonel.

"Oh, the mine," said the professor, waving an indifferent hand.

ARTHUR M'EWEN.

And the outraged buccaneers in general would have sworn at him savagely, as a distinctive radical.

MANY UNCROWNED QUEENS.

England Has Seven Who Never Wore Royal Insignia.

(Philadelphia North American.)

The coming coronation serves to recall to everyone familiar with English history that there were several queens of England, just seven of them, in fact, who were never crowned.

Margaret of France, the young second wife of Edward I, was obliged to forego all the splendors of such a pageant because her royal husband, forsooth, couldn't afford the expense of a coronation.

King Henry VIII took most of his wives without giving them the ceremony of a coronation. But in his case there were so many of them that his course might have been deemed a wise economy. Besides, he spent so much the once he did go in for a queen's coronation, that of Anne Boleyn, that it is small wonder the money fell short for the ladies who succeeded her, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr.

Henrietta Maria, the young and pretty wife of Charles I, went without a coronation, not from necessity, but from choice. Being a French princess and a Roman Catholic, she declined to take part in a state function which would oblige her to partake of the sacrament according to the Church of England rites.

Caroline of Brunswick was denied the pleasure of a coronation, not for financial reasons, nor for religious principles, but because her spouse, George IV, particularly specified that he wouldn't have her share in his honor. When he was crowned he would not even permit her to be present at Westminster Abbey to see the ceremony. When she tried to get in she was repulsed and turned away from all of the entrances. She went home to die three weeks later of a violent fever induced by the excitement.

Westinghouse to Employ British.

(London Telegraph.)

Mr. George Westinghouse stated to our Manchester correspondent yesterday that for their place now in course of construction at Manchester his company would find employment for 6,000 workmen, and would depend almost exclusively upon British labor. Touching the important question of low prices German manufacturers are quoting for electrical contracts, he said the reason for this was that German works were closing down for want of orders, and they were cutting down prices to secure trade.

AMERICAN PALACES IN VENICE.

Mansions That Are Richer and More Rare Than Castles in Spain.

SOME one has taken the trouble to telegraph from Boston to the European papers, which contain so little American news, that a Mrs. Sprague of that city has purchased a Venetian palace and intends to tear it down, take the pieces home and reerect it in one of the suburbs, so as to outshine Mrs. Jack ardner, who has built a Medician villa or something of that sort. Nobody here knows anything about Mrs. Sprague or her plans, but it is very certain that she will not be allowed to carry them out. Americans can buy Venetian palaces. Several have already done so. Some of the most beautiful edifices on the Grand canal belong to Americans or have been bought and restored by the dowries of American brides who have married Italian noblemen. But the municipal authorities would not permit any one to pull down a palace and take the material away. There is a very strict law in Italy against the export of works of art, and a member of the royal family even could not sell or give away a picture or a statue, ornamental piece or pillar from a palace without the consent of the authorities.

Beautiful examples of fourteenth and fifteenth century architecture in the form of palaces may be purchased in Venice all the way from $20,000 upward. Only a few months ago the Piazzo Ca' d'Oro, which has often been called the most beautiful residence in all the world, and certainly the finest specimen of fourteenth century Gothic, was purchased by Baron Francatti for $20,000. It must have been built some time between 1270 and 1310, for its owner and builder, Ondrea Doro, was banished as a conspirator in 1310. At one time the entire front was gilded and shone like burnished gold. It must have been a wonder to look at. Baron Francatti intends to restore it, for a building that has stood 700 years, even in this climate, requires mere or less repair.

◆ ◆ ◆

Baron Francatti is perhaps the richest man in Venice. He is a Hebrew. His father married into the Rothschild family and has represented them in Venice for many years. He lives in an ancient palace, which was completely restored about fifty years ago and is one of the show palaces which tourists visit. The count is a dilettante, fond of the arts and sciences, and very public-spirited in connection with Venetian affairs. He has a brother who is given to music and has composed two operas, both of which have been produced upon the stage without much success. They are called "Israel" and "Christoforo Colombo"—the former based upon the flight of the children of Israel from Egypt, and the latter, as may be assumed from the title, concerns the discovery of America.

Phe Palazzi Contarini Degli Scrigni, which adjoins the Academy of Fine Arts on the Grand canal, is owned by the Peabody family of Boston, and the Contarani della Figuri belongs to the Princess Polignac, a daughter of Mr. Singer, the sewing machine man. She spends much of her time here, but usually her winters are spent in Rome, where her husband has an office at court. Peabody Russell of Boston is the owner of the Rocco palace, which is considered one of the best examples of fifteenth century Gothic. Robert Hargous of New York has a long lease of what is known as the Contarani-Fasan palace, known to every tourist who visits Venice as the house of Desdemonio. According to tradition Shakespeace's heroine was born and died there. The palace is open to visitors during certain months of the year, but Mr. Hargous and his daughter, Mrs. Duncan Elliot, usually occupy it during the summer. He is a great favorite among the people, who call him the "American prince." Mrs. Elliot is a famous beauty and always creates a sensation wherever she appears.

The famous old Barbaro palace, which is considered one of the best examples of the pointed style, formerly belonged to Pizanni, one of the doges of Venice, is now owned by a Mr. Curtis of Boston. Photographs of this house are distributed all over the world and one of the romances associated with it concerns Lord Byron's physician, Dr. Van Nellengen, an English adventurer who lived in all parts of the east and had all kinds of wives, Greeks, Egyptians, Turks and Italians—like a sailor, a wife in every port. By his Italian wife he had a daughter who turned out to be an unusually capable woman. She married the heir of the Pizanni family, which had become impoverished and had nothing left of their former wealth but this house and a farm in the country. She took hold of affairs soon after the wedding and by her shrewdness, foresight and enterprise made the whole family rich.

An interesting story is told to explain why Mr. Curtis lives in Venice. It is said that while in a Boston street car one day a "tough" insulted a lady. Mr. Curtis interfered and gave the fellow a thrashing, but instead of receiving the thanks of the community for his gallantry, he was arrested and sent to jail for assault and battery. He refused to live any longer in such a community and came over to Venice.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Foscari palace, which the guide book tells you is "the oldest example in Venice of the fifteenth century is Gothic, where, as guests of the republic, have sojourned Francis and Henry, kings of France; the king and queen of Poland, the Emperor and Empress Frederick of Germany, King Cassamir of Hungary, and a host of other royalties," belongs to a young count, who is descended from one of the most famous of the doges, and is the last of his family. He loved a beautiful young girl, even poorer than himself, and, of course, he being of the Italian nobility, it was impossible for them to earn a living, so James Gordon Bennett steps in as a fairy godfather and gives her a dower of 1,000,000 francs. The wedding took place and everybody is happy. There is now an infant count who bears the historic names of James Gordon Bennett Foscari.

Horace Fletcher, formerly of Chicago, who has written a good many original things, and has recently discovered a new system of nutrition, occupies the Saibonte palace, but at present is in England, where his daughter is about to marry a Mr. Van Sumeren.

◆ ◆ ◆

Very few of the fine old palaces belong to the descendants of the families who built and originally occupied them. Very little of the enormous wealth for which Venice was celebrated in the fifteenth century remains. The most of it has been dissipated by the descendants of the men who made it, the same as in England, France, and other countries. The rich men of Venice today are an entirely new class of people, whose names do not appear in the Golden Book, which contained a list of the patrician families in Venice who were invited to festivities at the palace. This book was instituted in 1315, and thenceforth, until the Austrian occupation, was the index and standard of nobility by which all claims to precedence were decided. Occasionally the grand council, by a vote, rewarded the gallantry or public services of some citizen of humble birth by directing that his name be inscribed upon its pages. None but those whose names were in the Golden Book could use the golden stairs when they entered the doge's palace, and when this right was conferred it was equivalent to an order of nobility in another country. There is one notable exception to the decay of the ancient families, and he is Count Philip Grimani, the present mayor of Venice, who traces his lineage back to one of the most famous of the doges, whose portrait, painted by Titian, hangs in the council chamber of the doge's palace. The Grimani palace is on the Grand canal, near the Rialto bridge, and is celebrated for its finely sculptured capitals.

Many of the rich men in Venice today are Jews. They practically control the banking business and manufacturing. They own the fine houses of historical interest, and the best paying estates on the main land in the neighborhood. The present wealth of Venice is invested not so much in real estate as in banking, manufacturing, flour mills, elevators, gas companies, cotton mills, the manufacture of glass and in steamships upon the Adriatic.

They say that the chief revenues of Venice today come first from tourists, then from glassware, antiquities, lace, mosaics, carved wood, iron, hemp and glycerin. The iron and lace industries have been revived during the last twenty-five years. The order of exports to the United States in value is hemp, glycerin, glass, furniture and antiquities. There is a line of steamers once a fortnight direct from Venice to New York, controlled by the Phelps Bros. of that city, under the name of the New York & Mediterranean Steamship company. For economy's sake the steamers sail under the English flag.

The chief imports from the United States in the order of their value are cotton, cotton seed oil, petroleum, wheat, lumber, coal, pig iron, phosphates, tallow and provisions. The coal trade is a new enterprise, and has been undertaken only within the last few months. American coal is found to be superior in quality to English and Austrian, but the difference in price is so small that most of the consumers have thus far refused to break off their old connections. There is, however, a fine opportunity for somebody to build up a large coal business.

The cotton seed oil trade is also growing in importance, and people will tell you that a large portion of that which is imported into Venice and other parts of Italy is shipped back again and labeled "olive oil." There is considerable competition with Russian petroleum, but up to date the Standard Oil company has been able to control the market.

◆ ◆ ◆

A great deal of money comes from the United States in the pockets of tourists and Americans who have their residences here. More Americans visit Venice than English, French and Germans combined. The cost of living is comparatively low. A family can obtain an apartment for four or six people for $300 a year upward, but the comforts that they are accustomed to in the United States are always lacking, particularly the heating facilities. While the weather is not cold, the temperature being about the same as that of Charleston or Savannah, the thick walls of stone when once chilled are difficult to warm again, and the narrow streets prevent the occupants of most of the houses from enjoying the sunshine. The cost of food and the wages of servants are much lower than in the United States, although it requires three persons here to do what would be exacted of one at home, and after the work is finished and the bills paid there isn't so much difference. However, as a friend remarked, one can make a very much bigger show here than in the United States on the same money.

◆ ◆ ◆

Among the most conspicuous of the Americans living here in apartments now are Miss Constance Fletcher of Cleveland, who has written several novels under the pen name of George Fleming. One of her most popular books is "Kismer." She had a successful play called "The Canary," in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell appeared. She lives with her stepfather, Mr. Benson, an artist, in the Capella palace, which formerly belonged to Mr. Layard, the famous English traveler and archaeologist. It contains a fine collection of pictures, which they are good enough to allow tourists to see on certain days. Blanca Capella, daughter of a doge who once lived there, eloped with a Florentine adventurer in fourteen hundred and something and afterward married one of the Di Medicis. Mr. Benson is quite a famous artist and recently sold a picture to the king of Italy.

Among other conspicuous people are a couple who were quite notorious not very long ago, Mr. and Mrs. James Wheatland Smith. He was an undergraduate at Harvard. She was the wife of Mr. Higginson, a Boston banker. They ran away together and have since lived quitely in Venice. He is known to everybody as the man who always wears a white jersey and is usually found in a rowboat upon one of the canals.

(William E. Curtis in Chicago Record-Herald.)

THROUGH A PENSTOCK

By Albert W. Tolman

WHILE ON a railway journey between Springfield and Boston a few months ago I shared my seat with a quiet, well dressed man of middle age. Some trivial circumstance engaged us in conversation, and I learned that my fellow passenger was an assistant superintendent in a Maine pulp mill.

On his watchchain hung a wooden charm, a dog's head, carved with such grotesque and peculiar ugliness that I had difficulty in keeping my eyes away from it. Whenever he looked out of the window my glance returned to the charm. At last I could restrain my curiosity no longer, and with an apology made some comment on the strangeness of the ornament. He took my inquisitiveness in good part and was kind enough to tell me the story of the charm.

"Yes," he said, "it's a queer looking piece of wood. It was carved for me twenty years ago by a friend who had a knack for that kind of work. It's the only thing I have to remember him by, and so I think a good deal of it. But I've another strong reason for recalling the birch snag he whittled it from, and it may interest you to hear it.

"When I was between 25 and 30 years old I was at work in a mill on the Kennebec river. My regular position was that of foreman of one of the departments, but as I was very handy with tools, I often did odd jobs to accommodate the superintendent.

"One August morning there was trouble with the wooden grate that kept drift stuff from getting into the penstock, which is, as you know, the great tube of iron or banded plank conveying the water from the millrace to the wheel. In the last high water a log had broken one of the upper spruce bars.

"The mill was running overtime to fill extra orders, and the company did not wish to close it for half a day unless it was absolutely necessary. So I was asked to repair the damage without shutting the gate at the head of the race. I looked at the break and saw that it would be no very difficult task to patch it while the water was on, provided the grate were swung back against the side of the conduit. So I sent for my tools and went to work.

"It was a drowsy midsummer morning. Dragon flies and swallows were darting over the surface of the river, and from the stubble fields on each side came the shrill rasping sound of the grasshopper. In the street above a group of little girls were laughing and playing. Several hundred feet up the river, under a grove of leaning willows, was a swimming hole, where a half-dozen boys were disporting themselves.

"If I had not been interrupted three or four times by messengers from my department in the mill, I should have finished the job in less than an hour. As it was, it was almost noon before the break was repaired to my satisfaction. The hot sun beat down on my head as I worked away at the grating; below the smooth, brown water ran steadily into the flume.

"With my back to the race, I was putting a few final touches on my work close to the water, when something happened that for a minute frightened me horribly. There came a sharp clutch at my sleeve.

"I whirled round in surprise, and saw something like a lean brown arm rising from the water. I shook it off, and another arm rose slowly and deliberately and seemed to make a mechanical effort to grasp me, while the first as slowly sank out of sight.

"They were the long roots of a water-soaked stump that had lain for months, perhaps years, on the river botton, and had now been swept by the current to the head of the flume. It was against just such unwelcome visitors as this that the grate was designed to be a barrier.

"Now appeared a huge octopus-like body, revolving gradually in the flood. It hung for a moment at the opening of the penstock, and then disappeared down the dark cavity, its roots scraping against the sides and top as it rolled over.

"I snatched a boat-hook that lay on the embankment and made an effort to fix its steel tooth in the slimy stump. For a moment I thought I had succeeded. I leaned over a little farther; the earth crumbled under me, and I fell head foremost into the race!

"As I fell I caught with my hands at the lower part of the grating. My weight swung it out into the current, which immediately whirled it to; and there I hung, my body tailing off into the penstock, dragged down by the clutch of the water.

My position was a terrible one. I was holding on merely by the tips of my fingers, which were hooked round one of the wooden bars. The current lashed my body from one side of the pipe to the other. If I loosed my grip in the slightest I should be swept to death. Below me was the thousand feet of steel tube, through which an irresistible torrent was shooting; and at its end was the great wheel, revolving with the swiftness of light, and ready to lacerate and mangle whatever might be hurled against it.

"The penstock was perfectly straight, and about eight feet in diameter. For the first hundred yards a gradually decreasing portion of its top was above ground. Just where it disappeared beneath the earth was an open manhole, covered by a heavy wire screen. For the remainder of its length it was buried at an increasing depth beneath the surface, till it passed through the foundation wall of the mill and came out in the lowest basement, to pour its flood into the wheel pit. There was another open manhole a few feet from the end of the pipe.

"As I clung to the grating, with my face barely above the surface, I could see the little twigs and chips drawn into the current and sucked down the smooth incline. I tried to pull myself up to the grating in the hope that I might climb out of reach of the water that was dragging me down.

"But so slight was my hold that I could not get sufficient purchase to do this; and I was afraid to relax my grip in the least for fear that I might be swept away before I could regain it.

"It was plain that this state of affairs could not last very long. The strain was in nowise violent or rough, but it was steady. Far behind me down the long tunnel I could hear the water falling on the wheel. My fingers were growing numb. Little by little the strength was leaving them. I could not hold on much longer. Would no one come to rescue me? I thought of my wife and children, and clung with renewed energy. I shouted. But who could hear me, imprisoned as I was in the mouth of the pipe?

"Suddenly steps approached outside, and through the top of the grating above me I saw a red-whiskered face looking down. It was the Scotch engineer. I could see the little beads of sweat standing out on his forehead, and two or three wisps of thin red hair plastered down on his flushed skin.

"'Heavcn preserve us!' I heard him say. 'It's Bickmore! Hold on, man, and I'll save ye!'

"He waved his hand to encourage me and disappeared. I heard him running swiftly toward the mill. Then the sound of his footsteps died away.

"At the upper end of the channel that fed the penstock was the heavy wooden gate, operated from the engine room by a system of levers. I knew that Sandy was hurrying to close this gate and cut off the flow of the water into the race.

"But he had come too late.

"Not five seconds after his face disappeared my numbed fingers lost their grip and I was swept like a feather down the penstock.

"The stream was only about four feet deep, and flowed with very little sound or turmoil. I managed to keep my head above the surface and occasionally my feet touched bottom as I was borne along. But to stop my progress was simply impossible. The current was too strong and too swift.

"Occasionally I was dashed against the iron sides of the pipe, and involuntarily threw out my hands to clutch at them. Vain effort! for the sides were smooth and slimy; and even had I been able to arrest my course, my arms would have been torn from their sockets by the resistless power that was hurrying me along.

"Overhead a square of light flashed by. I had already gone a hundred yards and passed under the open manhole. Through its frame I caught what I felt was probably my last glimpse of blue sky. The branch of a poplar hung above the opening, and I saw its green leaves bright in the sun. Then darkness came again.

"On through the cylinder I rushed. I do not know how long it took me to traverse that thousand feet. It was probably in the neighborhood of two minutes. I remember looking back and seeing the round, white, grated mouth of the penstock growing steadily smaller and farther off. And every second the roar at the other end was becoming louder and louder. From the utter darkness in front, the roar of the beaten water boomed up the narrow tunnel. In a few seconds all would be over.

"The end came before I had expected it. With a shock that drove the breath out of my body, I was flung against something round and sharp, and hard, something that seemed to clutch me with several arms, bruising and wounding me. I knew nothing else, for at that moment I lost consciousness.

"When I came to myself I was lying on a heap of paper waste in the basement of the mill. Half a dozen of the workmen were around me. I felt sick and weak. My clothing was torn in several places, and I was covered with bruises. But to me the miracle was that I was still alive and that my bones were whole.

"The very thing that had been the cause of my peril had in the end proved to be my safety. The birch stump had been swept down the penstock, until within a few feet of the wheel its roots had caught on the edge of the last manhole. The shock of my body had dislodged it, but fortunately for me its hold was not entirely loosened until the engineer had closed the gate of the race and stopped the wheel. Just as the last root gave way the force of the water abated.

"I had been found insensible in the very end of the pipe. Death had been only a few seconds away from me. This watch-charm was carved out of a piece of the stump that saved my life."

—Youth's Companion.

HOW ENGINEER SHARP FACED DEATH AND LIVED.

SCENE AFTER THE WRECK SHOWING ENGINEER SHARP IN HIS DEMOLISHED ENGINE.

JAMES. H. SHARP.

BELIEVING he was going to certain death, James H. Sharp, the engineer of the Rio Grande Western freight that collided with the work train at Roy on Wednesday morning, stuck to his post, and when his engine gave it's last plunge he had hold of the lever. Sharp had plenty of time to jump, but he preferred to stay in the engine cab. It developed after the accident that it was the safest place, but when the heavy freight engine was bearing down on the work train it seemed that the post of duty was the post of death.

Dense fog on the morning of the accident prevented the rays of the headlight from lighting up the track. It was only a few seconds before the crash that any one knew of the impending disaster. A hoarse cry from his fireman, D. C. Gibson, was the first warning Sharp had. Almost simultaneously with the cry Sharp saw the dim outlines of the work train and knew a collision was inevitable.

After the accident, Sharp found himself alone in what was left of the cab. Gibson, the fireman, had jumped just before the two trains came together. Sharp's engine was demolished. The floor of the cab had been partly carried away, and the first thing Sharp remembers after the accident was that there was no floor under his right foot. With his weight on his left foot and hanging on to the lever, he waited until the steam that enveloped the debris had disappeared. He had no difficulty then in picking his way out of the smashed timbers and iron.

The engineer's first action was to hunt for his comrades. He found James Woolwine, who was almost unrecognizable. The poor fellow's face was crushed and he was smeared with blood. He was fatally injured.

By this time all of the men in the collision except Cowell had been found. It was some time before his body was discovered. Apparently he met death instantly. It required a half-hour's work to get his body out of the wreck, as his feet and head were held down by heavy timbers.

This was the fifth wreck Sharp has been in within the last two years. None of the others, however, was so disastrous as this one.

The accompanying half-tone shows Sharp on his demolished engine in the wreckage as he stood when the locomotive was stopped. The view is somewhat indistinct because of the fog which overhung the valley and prevented the camera's clear action.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY AND HIS WIFE.

LESLIE M. SHAW. MRS. SHAW.

Governor Shaw, Who Has Been Chosen by President Roosevelt to Succeed Secretary Gage, Is Now in Washington and Will Take Charge of the office February 1.